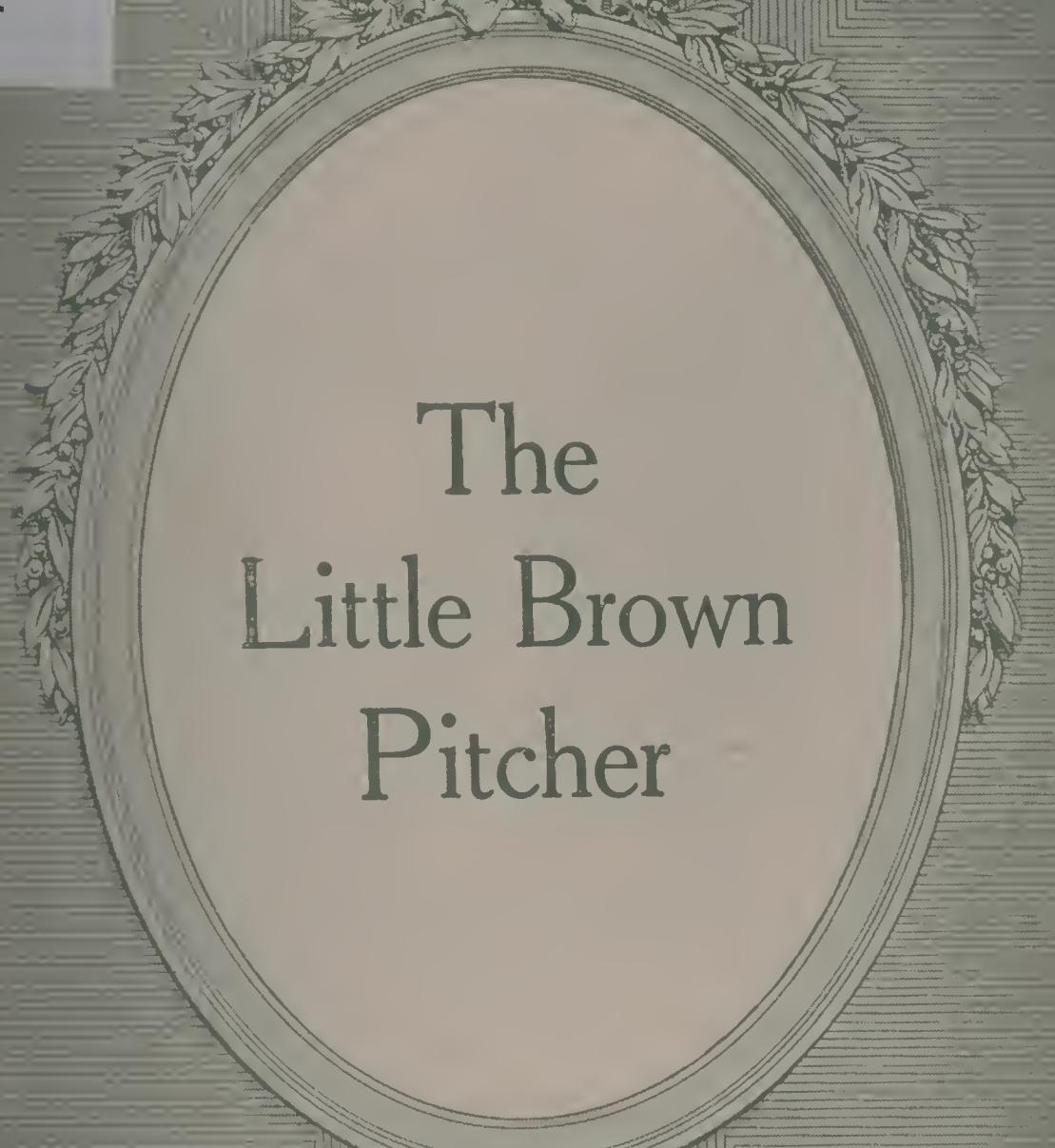


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E LITTLE CLASSIC SERIES.



The
Little Brown
Pitcher

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

The Little Classic Series

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THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER

Chas. H.
ADAPTED BY
N. MOORE BANTA

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CHICAGO

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THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl by the name of Patty who was the most charming little girl in her village: all the neighbors said so. Patty loved everybody and everything. In return she was rewarded by the love of all who knew her.

The pigeons flew down from their house to coo around her. The fowls were not afraid of her and fed from her hand. Even the steady, old dog, Bluff, performed the strangest antics just to amuse her. They all knew how kind and good she was, although they could not say so.

Patty was very industrious, too. When she was very small she would hurry around and do little things in the handiest way. She could sew so well that her teacher at school praised her work, and made it an example to the other children.

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Always, when Patty went to the spring with her pitcher she would fill it with the cool bubbling water, and sing. Her songs were the happiest songs in the world because her heart was full of joy.

One day, Patty had filled her pitcher at the spring and was carrying it home. She was almost home when she saw a poor, old woman sitting upon the fallen trunk of a tree. The old woman was covered with dust. She had been travelling a long way and she was so tired she could hardly hold her eyes open.

The old woman looked longingly at the fresh water in Patty's pitcher. She saw the happy smile on Patty's face, and so finally had courage to ask for a drink.

"Dear little child," said she in a feeble



"Pigeons flew down from their house"

voice, “let me cool my parched tongue with a drink from your pitcher. I am very old, and faint, and weary.”

“To be sure, mother, and welcome,” said Patty. She lifted the pitcher up so the old woman might drink all she wanted.

Long and eagerly did the poor creature drink: so long, indeed, that Patty was quite surprised.

“Thank you, my darling. Heaven will reward you for your kindness to the poor and aged,” said the old woman.

“Oh! you’re quite welcome, mother,” replied Patty. Again she went on her way, but she had not gone far before she met a large dog. The day was warm, and the dog looked very tired. His eyes were red and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth.

“Poor fellow,” said Patty, and she stooped down to pat him. The dog knew there was water in the pitcher, and he tried to tell Patty in his own language, how very thirsty he was. She knew what the dog wanted.



"She lifted the pitcher up so the old woman might drink"

She looked about and found an old pan beside the road into which she poured water for him.

He lapped and lapped until she began to think he would never stop. At last he had had enough, and looked up into Patty's eyes. He was very grateful, but could only tell her with his eyes and his joyful bark.

Soon after Patty met a group of children. They had been gathering flowers and playing about the fields. They were tired and thirsty, so Patty told them to hold their hands together for cups. She filled each little cup and made them drink.

“Will you please take this nosegay?” they said, and offered her the prettiest flowers they had.

“Let me fasten it on,” said the smallest one of the group. So Patty stooped down while the little one pinned the flowers on her dress. Each grateful child gave Patty a kiss, and then ran off to play again.

Patty looked into her pitcher, and found

that it was more than half empty. She must have all her journey to the spring over again. There would be no use in going home with only half a pitcher.

There were drooping flowers beside the road so she gave them the benefit of all that remained in the pitcher. Their little faces looked up again to the sun, and they seemed to thank her with their nodding heads.

Back to the spring she went, without a thought about her trouble. She was just about to stoop and dip her pitcher into the water, when she thought she saw something glistening there.

She watched, and watched, until she saw a sweet little face looking up at her. And there floated out of the water and stood before her, one of the most beautiful of fairies. The fairy stood upon the water as easily as Patty stood on the ground, and she was not really higher than the pitcher.

“So, Patty, you have come back again, my dear.” You see, she knew Patty.

“Yes, madam,” replied Patty, rather alarmed; “yes, madam, because I—”

“I know all about it,” said the fairy, stopping her; “and I am here because I know. I am a friend only to the good and kind. I have come to make you a very useful present.”

“A present!” said Patty, surprised and pleased.

“Yes! It is a reward for your goodness of heart toward others and your little thought for yourself. I see you have forgotten all the kind things you have done. It is right to forget the good we do to others and to remember only what they do for us.

“You have always done so, my dear little Patty. For your reward I will place a spell on your pitcher. In the future it shall always be full of water or milk, as you may wish it. It shall also be able to walk and to speak whenever you may require it, and shall always be your friend in trouble.

“Never fear, always trust your pitcher.

If by any mishap it should be parted from you, it will be able to find you again. It will always be by your side to advise and protect you when you need it.

“Do not be afraid to accept the gift, Patty dear. I am one of the fairies who oppose all that is evil. It is because of your goodness that you have been able to see me and to hear me speaking.

“So put your pitcher down by your side, Patty.” Patty did as she was desired. “Now look into it.”

Patty did so, and, to her astonishment, beheld the bright water gradually rising until the pitcher was full to the brim. When she saw it was full she was going to lift it up, but she found it too heavy for her strength.

“You need not trouble yourself to carry it,” said the fairy smiling; “it will save you all further trouble of that kind.”

With these words the fairy touched the pitcher with her wand. In an instant the pitcher was standing on two little brown legs,



"In an instant the pitcher was standing on two little brown legs"

made of the same stone as the rest, and made a polite little bow to Patty.

"Now, Patty," said the fairy, "follow your pitcher and you cannot do wrong."

As she finished she broke into thousands of sparkling drops of water, and the bubbling stream bore her away.

Patty rubbed her eyes. She thought it must have been a dream. She coughed and pinched herself, and ran up and down the lane. At last she was convinced that she was awake. And there stood the little brown pitcher on his neat little legs, waiting for orders.

"Quite ready to start, mistress," said a voice from the pitcher. Patty screwed up her courage and said, "Come on, then, pitcher," and set the example by starting off with a run.

And did the pitcher follow her? Indeed it did. It ran so fast that it soon overtook her, and ran before her all the way home. And the most wonderful thing was that al-

though the pitcher ran along with long strides and jumps, over the roughest places in the lane, it did not spill one single drop of the water.

This puzzled Patty. She had never been able to keep from spilling the water and wetting her frock, when she tried to run with the pitcher even half-full.

“I wonder what people will think when we get to the village,” thought Patty, as she looked at her strange companion. “I’m sure they will be frightened. What will my mother and father say when they see what I have brought home!”

The pitcher seemed to hear her thoughts. He said, “Do not trouble yourself about that. They will soon be accustomed to me, and will be pleased when they see all the good things I can do.”

As he was speaking they came to a very high and difficult stile.

“Shall I help you over?” said Patty, thinking of his short legs.



“He was overcome with wonder”

“Oh, dear, no!” said the pitcher; “see how easily I can get over the stile by myself.”

So saying, he skipped right over the stile without a single stumble. As he did so, a dog that was passing, put his tail between

his legs and ran away in great fright.

At the same time, the squire of the village was passing, walking very slowly and with great dignity. When he saw the wonderful pitcher climbing over the stile with legs of its own, and come running toward him he was overcome with wonder. And pretty soon he forgot his dignity and began to run in the opposite direction. His hat flew one way, his cane another, and his cloak flew up into the air like wings as he ran. He had not gone far before his legs failed him. He fell down and lay kicking in the grass and roaring for help.

Patty could not help laughing, but the pitcher ran on as though nothing had happened. They soon reached the cottage, and the pitcher ran into the house and sat right down in the corner where he was always kept. Patty's mother and father were astonished, but the pitcher was very quiet in his corner. They soon forgot him.

Next morning, so early that nobody was



"Mopping the red tile of the floor"

awake, Patty heard noises in the kitchen below. She heard the swishing of water, and the clink of a pail-handle, and the moving about of furniture. She slipped on some of her clothes and tip-toed down the stairs.

There she saw the pitcher, and what do you suppose he was doing? Why he was

mopping the red tile of the floor as though he knew just how to do it. All the furniture was dusted clean, and a fire burned cheerfully in the grate.

Can you imagine a pitcher of water doing anything to a fire but putting it out?

He had hung the kettle over the blaze, too. The kettle was singing a happy song about breakfast being nearly ready.

“Good-morning, my good mistress,” said the pitcher. “You see you need not trouble yourself any more to do anything but grow and be happy. I shall always be your humble servant.”

Patty was certainly pleased. She liked to read, but she had given so much of her time to household duties she had never had very much time for her books. Now she could read and study whenever she pleased.

When Patty was alone in the evening, with the pitcher in the corner, she told him how thankful to him she was. She told him how much she wished to learn and to read, but

she did not know how to get the books she needed. She had read those she had many times over.

"Oh! that's very soon remedied," said the pitcher. "You have only to wish and I will give you as much milk as you please."

"Then you can make butter and cheese and go sell them at the market. With the money you make you can buy as many books as you like, and have plenty of money to spare."

No sooner said than done. Patty set out all the pans she had and could borrow from her kind neighbors. The pitcher ran about and filled them with rich milk, and soon she had plenty of cream for her butter and cheese. A good old neighbor lent her a churn and the little pitcher turned it just right.

The butter they made was the best ever seen in the village. Patty was very happy and her parents greatly pleased.

The same good neighbor lent her a horse and small market wagon. The next morning, bright and early, Patty and the pitcher

started out for the next town. The good little pitcher walked along beside the horse for a little way and pointed out the right direction Patty should take. Then he went back to the cottage to look after the cheese.

The pitcher knew the people of the village would think him strange. They were not accustomed to seeing brown pitchers running about on brown legs.

Patty's face was shining with happiness when she reached the market. Everybody thought her the prettiest farmer's daughter there. She sold every pound of butter she had. She had plenty of money to buy the books she wanted and hurried back home to give her mother the remainder.

And so the years hurried by and Patty grew into a beautiful young woman whom everybody loved. She had been very successful in the selling of her butter and cheese.

Her parents were now very old, and they lived in comfort in the neatest cottage in the village. You may guess she was very happy.

One evening she was standing in the garden, feeding her pigeons. The roses were in bloom. There were hundreds of them in the garden of all sizes and colors, and they seemed to nod to Patty as she stood there. Even the flowers loved her. She made a pretty picture for the stranger who was passing.



"Patty's face was shining with happiness"

The handsome stranger came to the gate and asked Patty the way to the next town. When she spoke, the music of her voice and the beauty of her face were the sweetest the stranger had ever seen.

He came often to ask her the way, although he knew well the road to and from the neighboring city.

At last, she found it was the way to her heart he was seeking. He told her parents that he was rich. He wished a wife of whom everybody spoke well, since his own fortune was a great plenty for two.

The parents smiled upon the stranger. With all his wealth they did not think him one bit too good for their Patty. And so, in the course of a short time, they were married.

Great joy was in the village on the day of the wedding. If the queen had visited the village there could not have been more gladness of heart. The day was made a holiday. All the shops were closed, and everybody dressed their best in honor of the bride.



"The handsome stranger asked Patty the way to the next town"

The people stood about telling each other the good things Patty had done for them. The poor women spoke of the clothes she had made for them.

Some had received nice little dishes of good things to eat when they were ill. Many of the young girls had been taught to sew, and the children had been taught to read.

The church was filled with Patty's friends who loved her. She was very happy, as you may well imagine. She might have had the most gorgeous wedding garments in the world. But she decided to wear a simple little white frock, made in the fashion she had always worn here among her friends.

It was in the spring-time and the trees were covered with blossoms. Patty made a wreath of the apple blossoms and carried a bridal bouquet of the pinkest of the cherry blossoms. How beautiful she was!

The stranger who had married Patty took her home to his palace. The humble little Patty found that her dear husband had made



"The people stood about telling each other the good things Patty had done for them"

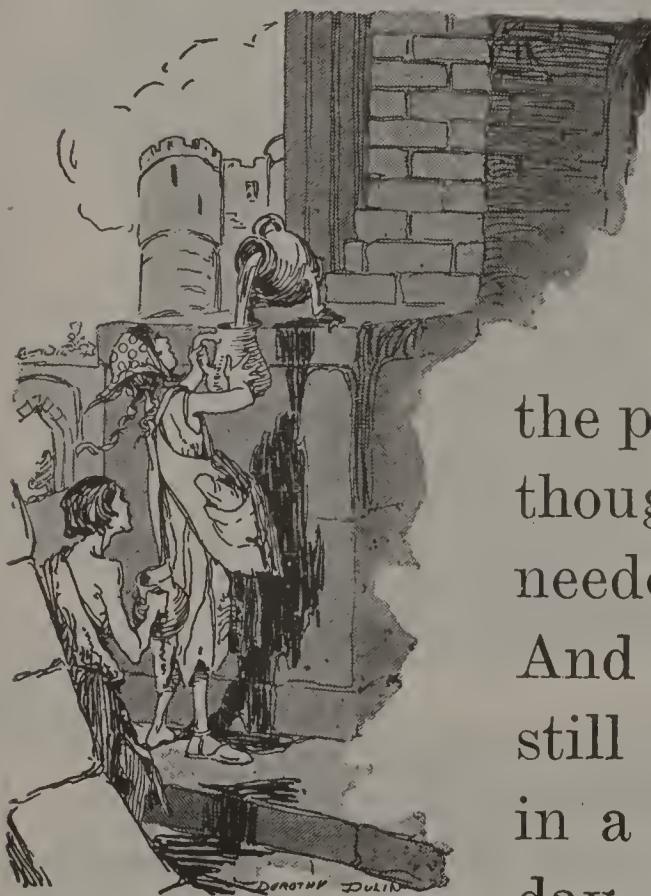
her a princess. He gave her all the jewels and beautiful things that the princesses before her had worn.

Did Patty forget her humble home and her old friend, the pitcher, do you suppose? No indeed, she did not. The pitcher was with her in her new home. But her parents wished to remain in their peaceful home.

The pitcher was still her obedient servant. When the poor came to the palace gates he

poured nourishing soup into their pitchers.

The people did not forget to bless the princess for her kindly thoughts of those who needed her protection. And so the pitcher was still serving his mistress in a hundred ways every day.



"He poured soup,"

But even the best of us cannot escape an evil tongue. Many of the wicked courtiers envied Princess Patty because the people loved her. They whispered into the ears of the prince, her husband, and at last he listened to them.

They told him Princess Patty was kind to the people so that they would rebel against the prince when she told them to. They told him she wished to be on the throne alone; that evil spirits helped her, and the pitcher was one of them.

Finally the prince believed them and commanded Patty to be thrown into a dungeon. The dungeon was in the very depths of the palace, and she was frightened and began to weep.

She did not mourn long. When night came on the pitcher opened her prison doors and helped her to run away.

“Come,” said he, “return to your old home. Your husband will know then that it is not his riches you care for. He will be sorry he

has lost you, and he will repent."

She followed the pitcher. But they had not gone far when Patty saw that a regiment of soldiers was pursuing them. She screamed with fright.

"Be not alarmed, dearest mistress," said the pitcher. "I will stop the soldiers."

So saying, he bent over and poured a great cataract of water into the valley where the soldiers were running. The water rolled in high waves, until it became a great lake. The soldiers swam to the nearest land, glad to save their lives.

So Patty came back home. She slept that night in her little bed under the humble roof of her parents.

Early next morning she came into the same little old garden of her youth. She fed the pigeons, and gathered the flowers. She tried to be happy and to forget all that had happened. But her thoughts would wander to the home of her husband. She hoped he had learned the truth about her by this time. She

hoped something might happen that she should see him again.

And so the days went by, and the weeks went by, and her grief seemed greater instead of less. The pitcher was always by her side and gave her comfort in her silent sorrow.

The neighbors who had loved Patty for so many years were glad to see her again. She did not tell them of the cruel thing that had happened, and they thought she had come to visit them.

“Our friend Patty,” they said, “has come to visit her parents. We must make her a present.”

At last they decided what the present should be. All the girls helped to make a beautiful piece of worsted work in many beautiful colors, spread on a handsome frame. These words were what she read—

“Kind Actions to Others Bring
Happiness to Ourselves.”

They did not dream that Patty’s heart was

full of grief. But the motto was true, as we shall see before we finish the story.

Time flew by, and still Patty received no news from her husband. She asked herself many questions. Perhaps he thought she had been drowned in the torrent that had overwhelmed his soldiers.

Well, one fine morning, Patty rose very, very early, for she could not sleep. She wanted to be with her flowers, and came into the garden. There she found her friend, the pitcher, trimming the flowers like an old gardener who knew his business.

“Good-morning, fair mistress mine,” said he. “You are up early. The sun has hardly climbed over the distant mountain, but I am glad to see you up so early. I am taking special care with the garden this morning for we are expecting a visitor today.”

“A visitor,” said Patty.

“Yes,” relied the pitcher. “I can hear distinctly a footstep in the distance. It comes this way. Listen! it is now near enough for

mortal ears to hear. Listen closely."

Sure enough! Nearer and nearer it came. It was indeed Patty's husband, the prince! He entered the garden, but when he saw his long lost Patty, he stopped and stood quite still, like a statue of surprise.

"This is the visitor I expected," said the pitcher; "he believed you dead and has wandered from place to place in his great grief. At last he decided to come to this humble cottage. He wanted to see again the spot where he first met you. He knows now that you did not want his riches or his kingdom. He finds you here wishing for nothing but his return."

The prince rushed forward with a cry of delight, and knelt at Patty's feet, trying to



"Knelt at Patty's feet"

tell her in words that would not come, how sorry he was.

The parents rejoiced in Patty's happiness, even though it meant they would lose her again. The prince soon planned the return to his palace, which was to be a great entry in triumph.

He wished to send a messenger to his kingdom with word that a wonderful celebration should be planned. But the pitcher here came forward and said, "Prince, I am here to give my last service to my mistress. I have rewarded her for her self-denial and unselfishness and now I am recalled to the palace of the water fairy. Behold!"

As the words were said, jets of sparkling water rose in the air from the pitcher. A broad lake spread over the valley. And there on the lake was a wonderful golden boat, rowed by boatmen dressed in velvet.

The boat glided to their feet, and they stepped in. The fountain played from the pitcher's mouth until the lake was a stream,



"They came in sight of their own castle"

and the stream was a mighty river.

They floated on and on until they came in sight of their own castle, standing high up on the rocks. Flags were floating from the turrets and a booming cannon saluted them.

Crowds of people stood to receive their much-loved princess. She could not speak for her eyes were filled with tears of joy. Her happy face spoke for her, and the people shouted their welcome.

The prince and princess lived happily many years, and their people were contented. The kindness of the princess and her courtesy and gentleness, gave her the name of “The Gentle Princess.” She was never ashamed of her humble girlhood, and her children loved to listen to her story of the wonderful, brown pitcher, the history of which teaches all who read it that

KINDNESS TO OTHERS BRINGS
HAPPINESS TO OURSELVES.

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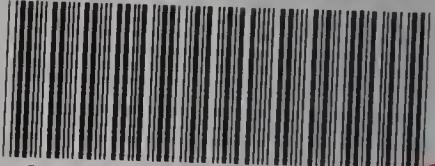
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